

A CARD.—A clergyman in New England, in the vigor and maturity of life, whom we know and of whom we can speak, can be reached through us. Any parish in want of a good pastor, of the Congregational order, can obtain more particular information by addressing either the Editor or Publisher of the *Principia*.

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

Babylon Falling.

"The hour, red Babylon of American slavery is falling with a broken bow, and a broken sword, and a broken shield. It is falling! Amen, Amen, Amen."

It is falling, it is falling!

The Almighty speed the day,

When the nation's giant throned

Shall forever pass away!

Whom, the latest letters reveal,

From the bottom of soul and limb,

He shall lead out from bondage's temple

Opening wide her gates to him.

Tyrant, heed the ancient warning:

Gaze as on the palace wall

Lo, a stern, cold hand is written,

Thy fall Babylon shall fall!

Where are now the old oppressors?

Passion in the blood and away!

"Hell grows there at the coming"

Thyself shall be the falling.

It is falling, falling, falling,

Deep to deep, green earth calling;

Down to deep for judgment called;

It shall perish, said the Lord!

Perish, though its lands to strengthen,

Food oppression with her hand!

Perish, though its reins to strengthen,

Fetters struggle hand in hand!

E. B.

The World's Age.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Who will say the world is dying?

Who will say our prime is past?

Spirits from heaven within us long,

Flash, and will flash to the last.

Floods who fancy Christ mistaken:

Man a tool to buy and sell!

Earth a failure, God forsaken,

Antinomian of Hell!

Still the race of Hero Spirits

Press the lamp from hand to hand:

Age from age the world is dying—

"Wife and Child, and Fatherland!"

Still the youthful hunter gathers

Every joy from wild and waste:

He will dare as dard his fathers,

Give him cause as good.

While a slave, he will his fathers

While an orphan pleads in vain:

While an infant lists his letters,

How of all ages' gain!

While a tip grows ripe for kissing:

While a moon from man is wrong:

Know, by every scart and blessing,

That the world is young.

From the Portage County Democrat.

A Lullaby.

BY MRS. A. B. KINGSLEY.

Sleep, little darling, sleep!

Sleep—for the stars are falling:

Sleep—for the blue bird is calling

Her roving mate back to her nest—

Calm is the blue sky above thee—

Proud are the young hearts that love thee:

Ever so lightly—

Ever so lightly—

Sleep, love, and sleeping, find rest!

Dream, little darling, dream!

Peaceful and light is thy slumber—

Never a care can enumber

Thy pure little spirit so light—

Smile where sweet sleep's repose—

Walk 'mid the lilies and the roses:

Ever so lightly—

Ever so lightly—

Dream, love—and dreaming find rest!

For the Principia.

Let Your Light So Shine.

Our Christian candlesticks are wrought

In different patterns!—On some are given

The leathern girdle, and the robe of camel's hair:

On others are set sketches of baby faces

Round the font, waiting baptism in the name

Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; others still

Show waving lines that mark the drapery

Which folds the Virgin mother and the Holy

Child; some bear carvings of the crown of

thorns, the cursed spear, the opened fountain

of a Savior's blood; and some are written

over closely with the ancient Law, which

Sins thundered to the Jew. But the gospel

—so much simpler, purer, sweeter than the

tangled web of our philosophies—takes no note

of these devices. In dissipation and digni-

fied language it commands us, "Let your

light so shine"—not, that others may behold

the crooks, and twists, and angles of your par-

ticular belief, but—"that they may see your

good works"—not that they may be led to ad-

mire your peculiar form of faith, but that they

may "glorify your Father."

There is no place, perhaps, where there is

such an imperative demand for a generous

stroke of common sense, as in matters of reli-

gion; no place, moreover, where the demand

is so little heeded. Our light may shine without

it, perhaps, but not so shine. Many honest

Christians, for example, who have, unfortun-

ately, in their course of reading, stumbled upon

anecdotes illustrating the peculiar value of

words "spoken in season," immediately set

themselves about the business, in such a bang-

ling, matter-of-fact way, that their efforts

prove powerless, rather than powerful. Not

long since I heard an incident to the point.

An irreligious man, somewhat advanced in

years, one day chanced to meet, in the street,

the youthful pastor of the church whose ser-

vices he habitually attended, and with whom he

had only a partial acquaintance. The ardent dis-

ciple, with more warmth than prudence, com-

menced him with the abrupt question—"Mr., do

you know you had a soul?" The gentleman, on

reaching home remarked to his wife—"Well,

wife, a little striping ran up to me in the

street, to day, and asked the profound and

complimentary question: "Mr.—are you

aware that you have a soul?" From that

day to this, Mr.—has never been seen in

church. The word intended to be in season,

was sadly out of season, and I could not help

thinking how differently the pastor would have

approached him upon any worldly matter to

have had him wished to gain his attention.

How carefully he would have measured the

man, and studied his temperament; his pec-

uliar likes and dislikes; his moods and habits;

and the knowledge thus acquired, seasoned

with the salt of common sense, would have en-

sured success. But now his influence is for-

ever lost, as far as Mr.—is concerned. He

let his light shine, indeed—but not so shine."

In our deeds, also, there is a wrong way of

doing very righteous things—a "touch-not"

air—a self-satisfied, pharisaical, parading

of duties, served up with a side dish of sullen

rebuks, for the benefit of those who do not see

that their path lies parallel with ours; which

is calculated to wither, rather than win, souls.

There is an unwillingness to admit that any

light can shine, unless it be carried upon our

cast of candlestick; forgetting, meanwhile,

that love has neglected to trim our wick

evenly, and not observing that it smokes badly,

either on the orthodox or baptist side; not

looking to see if charity has knocked off the

crust of prejudice, so that our lights do not

burn dimly, while we are winking and blinking

at that of our neighbors.

Again, our light should so shine, in our

looks. There are many scowling Christians,

who verily think they are doing God service;

and I have heard it advanced, as a serious

argument in favor of a heinous phiz, that

though it is recorded of our Savior that he

was often, we never read that he was seen to

laugh. But let us listen to His words upon

the subject; "Moreover, when ye fast (and

surely, then, if ever, we should be justified in

making wry faces!) be not as the hypocrites,

of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their

faces—but unto thee, head." &c. How many

disciples, not only when they fast, but when

they feast, disfigure their faces—"sacred hypo-

chondriacs"—too solemn to be thankful—too

humble to be hopeful—too sour to be civil.

We can always tell them. They carry a sort

of blue light, and all the world looks

blue through it. Their religion is to fret.

With them Zion is always "low"—saints are

always "dead"—sinners are "beyond hope."

Alas! too many of us, in words, deeds, and

looks, do not realize the "so" before the

"shine." Let us remember it, in the future.

—Broad phylacteries, long prayers, doleful

faces, do not glorify the Father. Our task is

to *rejoice* in, and how much is implied in thatlittle word *rejoice*. Religious blundering is asin. We need to be *shrewd*, to "become all

things to all men, if we may save some." True,

we may grasp tightly, our own candle-

stick, but it is not necessary that we be too

curious concerning the design of our neighbor's

—whether it be John leading Jesus up out of

the water, or not. It is the lamp *trimmed*

and burning, that is to meet the bridegroom;

and the bearers of such only will go in, with

him, to the marriage.

Some Christians carry revolving lights.

How they shine in seasons of revival! But

there are periods of darkness between it, and

it is only now and then that their rays are of

any service in lighting the Temple of the Lord.

Yes, Christian, mark well the command, "let

your light so shine that others seeing you

good works may glorify your Father which is

in Heaven."

Clear, steady, and strong; in the house, and

by the way; in church and state; in hotel,

and hall; week-days and Sundays—let the

light shine.

Out into the darkness which lieth upon the

face of the great deep of sin—out through the

mists of superstition and idol worship—out,

over the great wastes of parched and arid un-

belief—up through the mists of pharisaical

fastings and prayers—down through the val-

leys of public sin and tears—let the light

shine.

On the golden curls of childhood, and on

the silver locks of age, on the path of wander-

ing sinners, and on the brows of dying saints;

on the armor of the strong, and the burden of

the weak, on him who rumeth well, and on

him who stumblers in the way, let the light

shine—and "so shine."

G—y.

For the Principia.

The Perfect Pattern.

THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

A word to our little Readers.

"There is no friend like Jesus,

So gentle, kind and true;

This friend is always near us,

And sees what we do."

Little readers, do you want an example,

beautiful, safe, heavenly? perfect as perfect

can be, without spot, blemish, or any such

thing? a pattern to imitate in all you think,

say and do—calculated to make you happy

here, happy forever? Where will you look for

such a pattern? Where will you find it? On

earth? There have been great men, good men,

wise men—very great, good and wise, as the

saints of Enoch till now; but where, among all

the sons and daughters of Adam, can we point

you to one, even one that would be safe to im-

itate in all things? The greatest, wisest, and

best men on earth have nothing, save what

God gives, and are subject to like passions as

we are; liable to err, mistake in judgment—

they have nothing good or praiseworthy, save

what is received; their light is a borrowed

light. "Every good gift and every perfect

gift is from above." "All flesh is grass and all

the glory of man as the flower of grass." "Verily,

every man in his best estate is altogether

vanity." "Put not your trust in Princes, nor

in the son of man, in whom there is no help."

"Cease ye from man whose breath is in his

nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

If the greatest, wisest and best men that

ever lived were unsafe guides, where shall we

look for a perfect pattern; safe to follow al-

ways, everywhere? Look to Jesus! Yes,

that is it, little friends; look to Jesus, the

bright image of his Father, "full of grace and

truth." The voice from the excellent glory

said; "This is my beloved son, in whom I am

well pleased." One special design in his as-

suming our nature, was to set us a perfect ex-

ample in all things. He was "holy, harmless,

undefiled, and separate from sinners." Christ

was a perfect pattern from his childhood;

perfect in patience, in meekness, in love, in

humility, in self-denial, in doing good, in sub-

mission. All the Christian graces were in

him, and abounded; "love, joy, peace, long-

suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, tem-

perance, against which there is no law." Is it

not safe and wise to imitate Jesus in all these

things? "Even heretics were ye called; be-

cause Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an

example, that ye should follow his steps; who

did no sin, neither was guile found in his

mouth. When he was reviled, he reviled not

again; when he suffered he threatened not;

but committed himself to Him who judg-

eth righteously." I Pet. 2:21-23.

Children, were you to see a little boy, that

did every thing just right; was meek, modest,

mild, sweet tempered, kind, affectionate, ob-

edient, always wearing a cheerful, heavenly

smile, who went about doing good, doing all

he possibly could to make every body happy,

would you not think such an example worthy

your imitation? Well, this is Jesus—the

lovely Jesus. There was not a thought in his

heart, not a word in his lips, not an act of his

life, that was not full of love, mercy, and

truth. His whole life, from his childhood, was

"like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Lit-

tle folks, will you take this blessed Jesus for

your example; strive to imitate him in all

things?—follow him though evil report and

good report? He invites you, freely! "I

love them that love me, and they that seek me

early shall find me," said the Lord.

"Suffer the little ones to come."

The blessed Redeemer said;

"I'll take them to my heavenly home,"

And give them angels' bread;

And give them angels' bread;

And give them angels' bread;

And give them angels' bread;

And give them angels' bread;

My precious blood I'll shed, to save

From sin, from sorrow, and